

*The
Resurrecting
Power of
Easter*



Especially chosen for you by



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Fred Sieb, page 5; H. Armstrong Roberts, pages 8,
11.



Resurrection

By Mildred N. Hoyer

**Out of the tomb of doubt
 Into the light of faith;
Out of the tomb of hate
 Into the light of love;
Out of the tomb of death
 Into the light of life;
Out of the tomb of despair
 Into the light of joy!**

Morning Invocation

By Rowena Cheney

Let me awake each morning
With faith serenely renewed,
Quick to acknowledge God's presence
In the dawn's deep solitude.

Beholding the wonder of daybreak,
Rejoicing, let me arise
To witness the wonderful drama
Enacted in eastern skies.

O let me as dawn comes riding
The purple horizon's rim
"Mount up with wings as eagles,"
Attaining at-one-ment with Him

Who holds the stars in their places,
Blessing each day's rebirth
With a pageant of exquisite beauty
Which gladdens a waking earth.





Prayer for Creative Living

By Elizabeth Searle Lamb

Dear Father-God, I stand before Thee now, radiant and joy filled. Heart and soul, mind and body, I am Thine. Thy love warms my heart, Thy wisdom clarifies my mind, Thy strength pulses through my body. I am vibrantly alive in every cell, in every thought, because I now know my oneness with Thee.

I am serene, at peace, wrapped in Thy protection. The still small voice within me is the compass that points me to Thee. In that inner consciousness of oneness with Thee I find calmness, stillness, no matter what hurricane winds are blowing against my life.



My life is, indeed, a tapestry, which I am weaving according to Thy master plan. By prayer I learn which colored threads to weave into the warp of experience. Any tangled skeins or jumbled patterns are set straight through prayer, and praise, and thanksgiving. In silence, I listen, and I feel; in silence am I led by Thee to throw the shuttle straight and true.

I know that I am indeed Thine own. I use my talents to glorify Thee on earth. So using them, I find that Thou art also using them, and using me, to manifest Thy kingdom in the stuff of earth.

Oh, I praise and give Thee thanks as I give to Thee my very self, and lo! I have gained eternal life.

Amen.

Signs

By Louise Darcy

Daffodils unfolding,
Tulips by a fence
Are signs that spring is waking
With promised recompense.

A glorious Easter morning,
Truth's triumphant gain,
Is sign of life victorious;
Christ is risen again!





God Is All

By Mary L. Kupferle

This is God's day. This is God's universe. The body I inhabit is God's holy temple. In Him I live and move and breathe and have my being. My Father and I are one.

All the thoughts I think are God's thoughts. All the words I speak are God's words. All the deeds I do are God's deeds. I am here to express Him every day of this life and forever after.

Every experience that comes to me is God's opportunity for more expression of Himself through me. I am required to do nothing "on my own"; for it is His wisdom and understanding, His love and peace, His joy and enthusiasm and inspiration that work through me to attain expression. I am God's radiant, progressive, successful child manifesting ever more and more of His glorious nature.



If I Were . . .

By James Dillet Freeman

If I were but a winter thing,
A daffodil would be
A dull and dirty bulb and not
A golden melody.

If I were but a mortal thing,
There'd be no need in me
To live as if I were the child
Of immortality.



Life Is Joyous!

By Eleanor Halbrook Zimmerman

Life is joyous! Toward the sun
The brown bulb thrusts its spear of
green;

The meadow lark is overrun
With happy song; and soft, unseen,
God's strength of joy has lifted up
The beauty of the poppy's cup!

Life is joyous! Stronger far
God's wondrous kingdom everywhere
Than all the sorrows that there are,
And all the burdens that we bear;
For He who gives all creatures breath
Has conquered all the gates of death!

Life is joyous, and the heart
That waits on Him is joyous too.
Tranquilly it takes its part
In His bright kingdom, ever new,
And finds in Him unending praise
To crown the goodness of its days!

Springtime Call

By Enola Chamberlin

Now springtime sounds a trumpet call
To pussy willows, violets,
To geese and robins, hummingbirds,
To brittle, ice-bound rivulets.

And grain springs up where grain should
grow;
Pink blooms enrich the apple trees,
Whose fragrance carried by the wind
Awakes the winter-lazy bees.

And as I watch this budding, which
Will fill the year's long caravan,
I feel anew the glory, grace,
That God extends with love to man.





Exaltation!

By Muriel Venable

**I awoke today at early dawn,
When all the world was new;
And night her curtains had withdrawn
To let God's sunlight through.**

**In pastel tints of color rare,
Enriched with golden hue,
The earth became a fairyland,
Where every dream comes true.**

**The birds soared high on shining wing
And filled the air with song;
My heart joined in their ecstasy,
And God and I were one!**

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